



THE PROCRUSTINATOR.

Here I fold my hands and wait
And hope that wind or tide or sea
Some day may be induced by Fate
To bring some good thing here to me.

I put off work, I make delays,
For what's the use of eager haste;
The man who labors all his days
Lets much sweet leisure go to waste.

I sit and dream day after day
Of things that might be brought to me
If Fortune turned a certain way
To put me next with Destiny.

What matter if I sit alone
And hope to reap rich crops galore
From fields that I have never sown?
Have such things not been done before?

I know the singing brook may not
Sit still and yet keep getting on;
But work's a bore, and who knows what
May come before to-morrow's dawn?

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Why may not something, then, if I
Keep right on waiting, come to me?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

Copyright, 1903, by The Hobart Company.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, straightening up to attention. Then, scrupulously exchanging salutes, the old soldier and the young parted company, and the major returned to receive the reports of the old and new officers of the day. These gentlemen were still with him, Capt. Chew, of the infantry, and the senior first lieutenant for duty with the —th, when Hay came hurrying up the board walk from the direction of the store. For reasons of his own, Webb had sent his orderly to the guard-house to say to the officers in question that he would await them at his quarters instead of the little building known as the adjutant's office, in which were the offices of the commander, the record room in which were placed the desks of the sergeant major and his three clerks, and the sleeping rooms of the special duty soldiers. It had happened more than once in the past that garrison stories of matters not supposed to be known outside the office had been traced back to that desk room, and now Webb's questions of his old officer of the day, and his instructions to the new, were not things he cared to have bruited about the post. He was listening intently to the captain's report of the sentries' observations during the night gone by when Hay reached the gate and stopped, not wishing to intrude at such a moment.

"Come in, Mr. Hay," said the commander, cordially. "This will interest you," and, thus bidden, the trader joined the soldiers three on the veranda, and some of the young people of the garrison, setting up their croquet arches on the parade, looked curiously toward the group, and wondered what should keep the old officer of the day so long. Sauntering down the walk, smiling radiantly upon the occupants of the various verandas that she passed, then beaming between times into the face of her smitten escort, her black eyes and white teeth flashing in the rare sunshine, Nanette Flower was gradually nearing the major's quarters. She was barely 20 yards away when, in obedience to some word of the major, Mr. Hay held forth two white packages that, even at that distance, could be recognized, so far as the outer covering was concerned, as official envelopes. She was too far away, perhaps, to hear what was said.

"It seems," began Webb, to his officers, as he mechanically opened the first packet, "that Field took fire at Wilkins' growls about the bother of keeping his funds, so the youngster stowed his money with Hay. He insisted on turning over everything before he left, so I receipted to him. Let's see," he continued, glancing at the memorandum in his hand. "Three hundred and seventy-two dollars and eighty-five cents post fund, and four hundred belonging to enlisted men. I may as well count it in your presence."

By this time the long, lean fingers had ripped open the package marked four hundred, and were extracting the contents—a sheet of official paper with figures and memoranda, and then a flat package, apparently, of currency. Topmost was a \$5 treasury note; bottommost, another of the same denomination. Between them, deftly cut, trimmed and sized, were blank slips of paper to the number of perhaps 30, and the value of not one cent. With paling faces, the officers watched the trembling fingers slash open the second, its flap, as was that of the first envelope, securely gummed—not sealed. A nickel or two and a few dimes slid out before the packet came. It was of like consistency with first, and of about the same value. Webb lifted up his eyes and looked straight into the amazed—almost livid face of the trader.

"My God! Major Webb," cried Hay, agast and bewildered. "Don't look at me like that! No man on earth has ever accused me of a crime. This means that not only my stable but my safe has been robbed—and there is a traitor within my gates!"

Dr. Tracy, absorbed in contempla-

tion of Miss Flower's radiant face, and in the effort to make his own words eloquent, had no ears for those of others. He never heeded the trader's excited outburst. He only saw her suddenly flinch, suddenly pale, then sway. His ready arm was around her in a twinkling. In a twinkling she twisted free from his undesired clasp.

"Just—my foot turned—a pebble!" she gasped.

But when, all assiduity, Tracy would have seated her on the horse-block and examined the delicate ankle, she refused straightway, and with almost savage emphasis, and with rigid lips, from which all loveliness had fled, bade him lead her home, where, despite protest and appeal, personal and professional, she dismissed him curtly.

CHAPTER VI.

Ray's gallant half hundred, as has been said, took the route for the north at break of day. Before them spread the open prairie, apparently level and unbroken for full five miles to the front and either flank, the distant slopes and ridges bounding the level expanse growing more distinct with every moment, and presently lighting up in exulting radiance in response to the rosy blushes of the eastward sky. Scorning the dusty stage road, the troop commander pointed to a distant height just visible against the northward horizon, bade the leading guide march straight on that; then gave the order, "Right by twos," that he might the more readily note the gait and condition of every horse and the bearing and equipment of his rider. There was still time to weed out the weaklings of either class should any such there be. Riding slowly along the left flank, one after another, he carefully scanned every man and mount in his little detachment, then, at quicker pace, passed around to the eastward side of the column, and as critically, carefully studied them from that point of view. A light of quiet satisfaction shone in his fine, dark eyes, as he finished, for, next to his wife and children, that troop was Ray's supreme delight. The preliminary look-over by lantern light had been all sufficient. This later inspection on the move revealed not a steed amiss, not an item of equipment either misplaced or lacking.

As has been said, Ray's senior subaltern was on detached service. His junior, Mr. Clayton, had joined but the year before, and this threw Mr. Field in command of the leading platoon and to the side of the leading guide. Now, as the senior officer took the head of column and Mr. Clayton fell back to the rear, the silence of the first mile of march was broken and, though sitting erect in saddle and forbidden to lounge or "slouch," the troop began its morning interchange of chaff and comment. Every mother's son of them rejoiced to be once more afield with a chance of stirring work ahead.

"It's time to throw out our advance, Field," said Ray, in kindly, cordial tone, as he scanned the low divide still some miles ahead and reined in beside the stern-faced young soldier. "Send Sergeant Scott forward with three men and the same number on each flank—corporals in charge."

He had more than liked Webb's adjutant. He had been his staunchest friend and supporter among the troop and company commanders, and was eager to befriend him now. He had expressed no wish to have him sent on the hurried move, but well he knew the post commander's reasons and approved his course. Still, now that Field was being removed, for the time at least, from the possibility of an entangling alliance that might prove disastrous, in every way in his power Ray meant to show the mortified, indeed sorely angered, officer that his personal regard for him had suffered no change whatever. If he could succeed in winning Field's confidence it might well be that he could bring him to see that there were good and sufficient grounds for the post commander's action—that for Field's own good, in fact, it was a most desirable move. The soul of loyalty and square dealing himself, Ray had never for a moment dreamed that anything other than a foolish escapade had occurred—a ride by moonlight, perhaps, demanded of her devotee by a thoughtless, thoroughbred coquette, whose influence over the young fellow was beginning to mar his usefulness, if not indeed his future prospects. Just what to think of Nanette Flower Ray really did not know. Marion, his beloved better half, was his unquestioned authority in all such matters, and it was an uncommon tenet of that young matron never to condemn until she had cause. Instinctively she shrank from what she had seen of Miss Flower, even though her woman's eye rejoiced in the elegance of Miss Flower's abundant toilets; and conscious of her intuitive aversion, she would utter no word that might later prove unjust. Oddly enough, that instinctive aversion was shared by her closest friend and neighbor, Mrs. Blake; but, as yet, the extent of their condemnation had found vent only in the half whimsical, half petulant expression on part of the younger lady—Blake's beautiful wife, "I wish her name weren't—so near like mine."

for "Nan" had been her pet name almost from babyhood. Vaguely conscious were they both, these lords of creation, Messrs. Blake and Ray, that the ladies of their love did not approve of Miss Flower, but Ray had ridden forth without ever asking or knowing why, and so, unknowing, was ill prepared to grapple with the problem set before him. It is easier to stem a torrent with a shingle than to convince a lover that his idol is a shrew.

Without a word of reply, Field reined out of column, glanced along the double file of his platoon, nodded a signal "fall out" to Sergeant Scott, and the men nearest him at the front, merely said "advance guard," and then proceeded to choose his corporals and men for flankers. No need to tell Scott what to do! He had been leading scouts in Arizona long ere Field had even dreamed of West Point. In five minutes, riding at easy lope, carbines advanced, three little parties of four troopers each were spreading far out to the front and flank, guarding the little column against the possibility of sudden assault from hidden foe.

And at this moment the situation was grave in the extreme. There had been bad blood and frequent collision between the cattlemen, herders, "hustlers"—especially hustlers and the hunting parties of the Sioux and the Northern Cheyenne, who clung to the Big Horn range and the superb surrounding country with almost passionate love and with jealous tenacity. There had been aggression on both sides, then bloodshed, then attempts on part of frontier sheriffs to arrest accused or suspected red men, and equally determined and banded effort to prevent arrest of accused and identified whites. By due process of law, as administered in the days whereof we write, the Indian was pretty sure to get the worst of every difference, and therefore, preferred, not unnaturally, his own time-honored methods of settlement. In accordance therewith, had they scalped the sheriff's posse that had shot two of their



TOGETHER THEY WERE CROUCHING UP ALONG THE EASTWARD FACE OF A BILLOWING HILLOCK.

young braves who had availed themselves of a purposely given chance to escape, and then in their undiscriminating zeal, the Sioux had opened fire from ambush on Plodder's hunting parties and the choppers at the wood camp, who defended themselves as best they could, to the end that more men, red and white, were killed. The Indians rallied in force and closed in about Fort Beecher, driving the survivors to shelter within its guarded lines, and then, when Plodder needed every man of his force to keep the foe at respectful distance, so that his bullets could not reach the quarters occupied by the women and children at the post, there reached him by night a runner from the stage station far over to the southeast, on a dry fork of the Powder, saying that the north and southbound stages had taken refuge there, with only ten men, all told, to stand off some 50 warriors, and therefore imploring assistance. Not daring to send a troop, Plodder called for volunteers to bear dispatches to Maj. Webb, at Frayne, and Pat Kennedy, with half a dozen brave lads, had promptly stepped forward. Kennedy had managed to slip through the encircling Sioux by night, and to reach Fort Frayne after a daring and almost desperate ride. Then Ray was ordered forth, first to raise the siege at the stage station, then, either to hold that important relay ranch or go on to reinforce Plodder, as his judgment and the situation might dictate.

He knew enough of the stout adobe walls of the corral on the Dry Fork, and of the grit of the few defenders, to feel reasonably sure that, with ammunition, provisions and water in plenty, they could easily hold out a week if need be against the Sioux, so long as they fought on the defensive and the Indians were not strongly reinforced. He reasoned that Stabber and his people were probably gone to strengthen the attack, and that having an hour's start at least, and riding faster, they would get there somewhat ahead of him. But one of his own old sergeants, a veteran of 20 years in the cavalry, was now stationmaster on the Dry Fork, and all the Sioux from the Platte to Paradise could not stampede old Jim Kelly. Many a forced march had Ray made in the past, and well he knew that the surest way to bring his horses into action, strong and sound at the finish, was to move "slow and steady" at the start, to move at the walk until the horses were calm and quiet, was his rule. Then on this bright September day would come the altercating trot and lope, with brief halts to reset saddles; then, later still, the call upon his willing men and mounts for sustained effort, and by sunset he and they could count on riding in, triumphant, to the rescue, even though Stabber himself should seek to bar the way.

And that Stabber meant to watch the road, if not to block it, became evident before the head of the column began the gradual ascent of Moccasin Ridge, from whose sharp crest the little band could take their

last look, for the time, at least, as the distant walls of Frayne. Somewhere toward seven-thirty, Corporal Connors' foremost man, far out on the left flank, riding suddenly over a low divide, caught sight of a bonneted warrior bending flat over his excited pony and lashing that nimble, fleet-footed creature to mad gallop in the effort to reach the cover of the projecting point of bluff across the shallow ravine that cut in toward the foothills. Stone, the trooper, lifted his campaign hat on high once, and then lowered his arm to the horizontal, hat in hand, pointing in the direction the darting savage was seen, and thus, without a syllable having been spoken at the front, word was passed in to Ray that one Indian had been sighted far out to the northwest.

"They may try to hold us among the breaks of the Mini Pusa," said he, to his still unreconciled second in command. Field had been civil, respectful, but utterly uncommunicative in his replies to the captain's repeated cordialities. Any attempt to even remotely refer to the causes that led to his being ordered out with the detachment had been met with chilling silence. Now, however, the foe had been seen and could be counted on to resist if his rallied force much exceeded that of the troop, or to annoy it by long-range fire if too weak to risk other encounter. The command halted one moment at the crest to take one long, lingering look at the now far-distant post beyond the Platte; then, swinging again into saddle, moved briskly down into the long, wide hollow between them and the next divide, well nigh three miles across, and as they reached the low ground and traversed its little draining gully, a muttered exclamation "Look there!" from the lips of the first sergeant, called their attention again to the far left front. Stone, the trooper who had reported the first Indian, had turned his horse over to the second man, as had the corporal on that flank, and together they were crouching up along the eastward face of a billowing hillock, while, straight to the front Sergeant Scott, obedient to a signal from his left hand man, was speeding diagonally along the rise to the north, for all three advance troopers had halted and two were cautiously dismounting. Ray watched one moment, with kindling eyes, then turned to his young chief of platoons:

"Take your men, Field, and be ready to support. There's something behind that second ridge!"

CHAPTER VII.

As Webb had predicted, even before nine o'clock, came prompt, spirited response from Laramie, where the colonel had ordered the four troops to prepare for instant march, and had bidden the infantry to be ready for any duty the general might order. From Omaha—department headquarters—almost on the heels of the Laramie wire came cheery word from the gallant chief: "Coming to join you noon train today. Cheyenne 4:30 to-morrow. Your action in sending Ray's troop approved. Hold others in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Wire further news North Platte, Sidney or Cheyenne to meet me."

Everybody, of course, was aware by eight o'clock that Field had gone with Ray, and while no officers presumed to ask if it was because Ray, or Field, had applied for the detail, no woman would have been restrained therefrom by any fear of Webb. Well he realized this fact, and dodging the first that sought to waylay him on the walk, he had later intrenched himself, as it were, in his office, where Dade, Blake and the old post surgeon had sat with him in solemn conclave while Bill Hay brought his clerk, bar-keeper, storekeeper, Pete, the general utility man, and even "Crapaud," the halfbreed, to swear in succession they had no idea who could have tampered with either the safe or the stables. Closely had they been cross-examined; and, going away in turn, they told of the nature of the cross-examination; yet to no one of their number had been made known what had occurred to cause such close questioning. Hay had been forbidden to speak of it, even to his household. The officers-of-the-day were sworn to secrecy. Neither Wilkins nor the acting adjutant was closeted with the council, and neither, therefore, could do more than guess at the facts. Yet that somebody knew, in part at least, the trend of suspicion, was at once apparent to Webb and his councilors when, about nine o'clock, he took Blake and Dade to see those significant "bar shoe" hoof prints. Every one of them had disappeared. "By jove!" said Webb, "I know now I should have set a sentry with orders to let no man walk or ride about here. See! He's used his foot to smear this—and this—and here again!"

[To Be Continued.]

Too Previous.

When Dr. Sewell, for many years warden of New college, Oxford, was seriously ill about a year ago, the fellows of the college, and, indeed, all his friends, despaired of his life.

The senior fellow at the time, wishing to have all things in order, wrote to the home secretary for leave to bury the warden in the college chapel.

Before the next college meeting the warden had recovered. He presided at the meeting, and with no little enjoyment read out the home office's letter permitting his own burial.

"It gives me great pleasure," said he, "to congratulate the senior fellow on his admirable promptitude and energy. I cannot, however, truthfully say that I regret that both were wasted."—Pupils' Opinion.

Subscribe

FOR A

BOURBON HOME TELEPHONE.

The BOURBON HOME is a home industry—owned by home people; managed by people, and is the latest and most up-to-date Telephone service.

Try one for one month, and you will be convinced of its superiority over all others. There is

NO CROSS TALK.

You can transact private business over the HOME 'PHONE with the assurance that other people does not hear you.

Now Is the Time.

A new Directory will be issued from this office in a few days, so if you want to get your name in it, subscribe at once.

Cascara Sagrada
IN THE ESTIMATION OF OUR BEST PHYSICIANS IS THE MOST BENEFICIAL OF ALL DRUGS IN THE TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION.
Lyons Laxative Syrup
Is made of Cascara Sagrada and other drugs that are equally as beneficial in the treatment of indigestion, biliousness and all stomach and bowel troubles (arising from constipation).
VERY PLEASANT TO TAKE AND DOES NOT GRIPE.
25 and 50c Bottles. Ask your Druggist.

For Sale by G. S. VARDEN & CO., Paris, Kentucky

MORPHINE

Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine and all Drug Habits permanently cured, without pain or detention from business, leaving no craving for drugs or other stimulants. We restore the nervous and physical systems to their natural condition because we remove the causes of disease. A home remedy prepared by an eminent physician.

WE GUARANTEE A CURE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
Confidential correspondence, especially with physicians, solicited. Write today.
Manhattan Therapeutic Association
Dept. A 1135 Broadway, New York City

CLARKE'S LIMBER NECK and ROUP CURE.

Timely use of these Remedies will save hundreds of dollars' worth of Poultry every year.

Price, 50 Cents per Bottle.

PREPARED BY

CLARKE & CO.

Leave orders for Eggs for Hatching (Willis & Clarke stock) at Clarke & Co.'s.

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO WEST"

But if you are thinking of doing so, keep before you the fact that the Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway is making Low Round-Trip Home-Seekers' and One-Way Settlers' Rates TO THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST Also Low Colonist Rates to California, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, British Columbia and other Pacific and North Pacific Coast Points. Ask us for Rates.

L. J. IRWIN,
General Passenger Agent, LOUISVILLE.